February 1, 2025

Saint Valentine’s Day

In ancient Rome, where legends bloom,

A tale of love and fate,

Of Saint Valentine, a martyr's time,

In history's embrace.

A priest of heart, in secret part,

He wed the young and bold,

For love's sweet song, though deemed as wrong,

By rulers stern and cold.

Emperor's decree, no love to see,

For soldiers strong and brave,

But Valentine, with heart divine,

Defied the law they gave.

In prison's gloom, where shadows loom,

He penned a heartfelt plea,

To lovers dear, both far and near,

"Remember love, be free."

A maiden fair, with golden hair,

Would visit him each day,

Her sightless eyes, saw through disguise,

And love found its own way.

"From your Valentine," the words did shine,

In letters pure and true,

A message bright, in darkest night,

Of love that grew and grew.

On February's eve, with hearts that grieve,

He faced his final breath,

But love's sweet flame, in hearts, the same,

Would conquer even death.

So every year, with joy and cheer,

We celebrate this day,

For love's pure light, in darkest night,

Will never fade away.